

Returning to Brooklyn House

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Summary: After The Son Of Sobek, Carter returned to Brooklyn House with numerous injuries, a baby crocodile, a magic necklace, and drained magic. How does the rest of the house react? Walt is just Walt in this; he doesn't host Anubis

1. Injury

When the magicians arrived at Brooklyn House, it was oddly quiet. Freak was squawking up a storm on the roof and Philip was splashing in the pool, but other than them, it was dead silent. Sadie called for Carter, ready for an update on the monster of Long Island, but he didn't appear. She checked his room. Nothing. She checked the library. Nothing. Eventually, the entirety of Brooklyn House was searching the mansion for Carter, but no one found him.

By dark, Sadie was getting worried, even though she'd never admit it. The carmel haired girl commanded everybody to continue searching for Carter and if he wasn't back by morning, they'd begin to search for him outside of the house. It was ten o'clock at night and every occupant of the House was seated in the living room because honestly, no one could sleep without knowing that Carter was safe. Seriously, he had gone after a dangerous monster with no back up; he could be hurt or... dead. But no one wanted to think like that.

At exactly 10:13 PM, the door opened and Carter Kane walked into the living room, a total wreck. He smelled like a sewage plant, which I guess no one could blame him since he was chasing a monster down by Long Island Sound. The dark skinned boy was soaked from head to toe and was carrying a baby crocodile and a necklace of jewels that sparkled in the light of the room.

Ignoring the accessories and putrid water, Sadie demanded, "Did you catch the monster?"

"Oh, we caught him alright," Carter replied, strolling over to the

pool and gently placing the baby animal into the pool. "Turns out, a baby crocodile had somehow gotten a magical petsuchos around his neck and it turned him into a monster. W- I got it off of him and brought the baby crocodile back for Philip to play with. This is the necklace that was around his neck." Carter held up the jewelry for them to see, and told them, "We need a safe place to keep it. I'll put it in the Daut until we can find a really safe place for it because trust me, enemies would kill to get this." With that, Sadie's sibling thrust his hand into the Daut, dropped the necklace off, and extracted his hand before facing them.

Now, every member of Brooklyn House could get a good look at him. He was drenched in what looked like a mixture of sewage and sea water and smelled like he'd crawled out of a sewage pipe, which made sense. His hair was matted with a darker substance, and Sadie prayed that it wasn't blood. The skin that could be seen was covered in scratches and bruises, but that wasn't the scariest part. One, he looked like he was ready to drop dead because his energy levels were obviously low. Secondly, his wrist was hastily bandaged and crimson liquid had already seeped through, staining the once pristine white an ugly mixture of red and brown. And thirdly, Sadie thought she saw some blood through a hole in his jacket but couldn't get a good look at it before Carter turned away.

"Carter," Jazz broke the silence, "I think I should go check out your injuries in the infirmary."

Waving away her offer, Carter, being the stubborn idiot he was, told her, "Nah, I'm fine. It's not serious; I just need to rest." Carter began to walk towards his room, oblivious to the stares he received, and the crowd was about to disburse when a loud thump! echoed through the air.

Everyone turned towards the sound and for a moment no one moved. After a few seconds of mounting fear, Sadie dashed over to her unconscious brother, who had collapsed to the floor and had yet to get up. She knelt down and shook him, shouting his name.

Suddenly, strong yet gentle hands were pulling her away, and Sadie began to struggle something awful.

"Sadie, stop fighting! Let Jazz do her job!" Walt tried to convince her.

"What do you know, Walt? He's not your brother!" Sadie screamed.

"Sadie!" Jazz's surprisingly harsh demand startled her and made her freeze in her boyfriend's arms. "You can come with me to the infirmary, but you can't touch Carter until he's healed. Hugo, Marcus, help me put him on the stretcher."

For a moment, Sadie was confused; she didn't remember the two magicians leaving to get a stretcher from the infirmary. The teenager could only watch as her brother was placed on a stretcher and shipped off to the infirmary, the cut on his side already staining the pristine white red...

Disclaimer: I, unfortunately, don't own the Kane Chronicals, and must give all the rights to the brilliant Rick Riordan.

When Carter awoke, he was staring at the ceiling with an intense pain spreading through his body and a death grip on his hand. Brown eyes scanned the room, noting the medications, potions, and IV in his arm, and caught sight of his little sister staring at him with red eyes. This must be bad; Sadie never cried.

"Carter, thank the gods you're awake," Sadie sighed before taking him by surprise when she slapped the top of his head. "How could you scare me like that? Jazz told you to come to the infirmary, but you refused because you're too stupid to realize when you need help! If you'd come here when she asked you, you probably could have taken a potion and been done with it, but no! You were too stubborn, and now, you've not only been out for three effing days, Carter, but you have multiple fractures and broken bones! Ugh, why do you have to be so stubborn, Carter?"

Carter smiled, obviously shocking Sadie. "Didn't know you cared, Sadie?"

"What? Of course I care, you stupid idiot. I'm your sister for Isis's sake! If anything happened to you, I don't know what I'd do!"

"...I'm sorry, Sadie. I honestly didn't know I was this bad."

Finally calming down a little bit, the girl seated herself in a chair at her brother's bedside and sighed. "Alright, Carter, what happened out there? Tell me everything."

"Okay, so I went to find the monster in Long Island, and it was a lot bigger than I imagined. It was an crocodile that was 10 times the normal size, and there was a necklace around its neck, a petsuchos. First, I turned into my hawk warrior and tried to knock it unconscious but that didn't work, so I tried a shabti. I didn't have time to fully shape it into something that could help me defeat it, and finally, I turned into a falcon and attacked it's eyes. While it was blinded, I transformed back into a human and unclasped the clasp on the petsuchos, changing it back into it's original form, which happened to be a baby crocodile. After that, I came back here. I didn't even know just was injured, other than the cut on the wrist until I got here."

His sister could tell he was leaving something out, but chose not to badger him. "Okay, so this was just a freak accident. The crocodile somehow got the petsuchos around its neck and became that thing."

"Actually, I have a theory that it might have been a revenge tactic, but I'm not sure. I'm going to be doing more research on it if you want to gelp."

"What do I do? "

Carter smiled; he loved his sister's determination. "Research anybody that would want to harm us, and see if you can find a pattern in

history, such as how do they get revenge on their other enemies." His sister nodded and got up to leave. "Oh, and could you send Chloe in here real quick?"

A few moments later, the librarian walked in, asking, "What do you need, Carter?"

Carter stared at her with that driven look in his eye that he got when he was faced with a challenge he was dead set on completing. "Chloe, I need you to get every book on Greek Mythology we have." Chloe, confused, nodded and left, knowing better than to argue with Carter when he had that look in his eye.

Carter reclined in the bed, grinning. He was going to find out more about this Percy Jackson if it was the last thing he did.

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